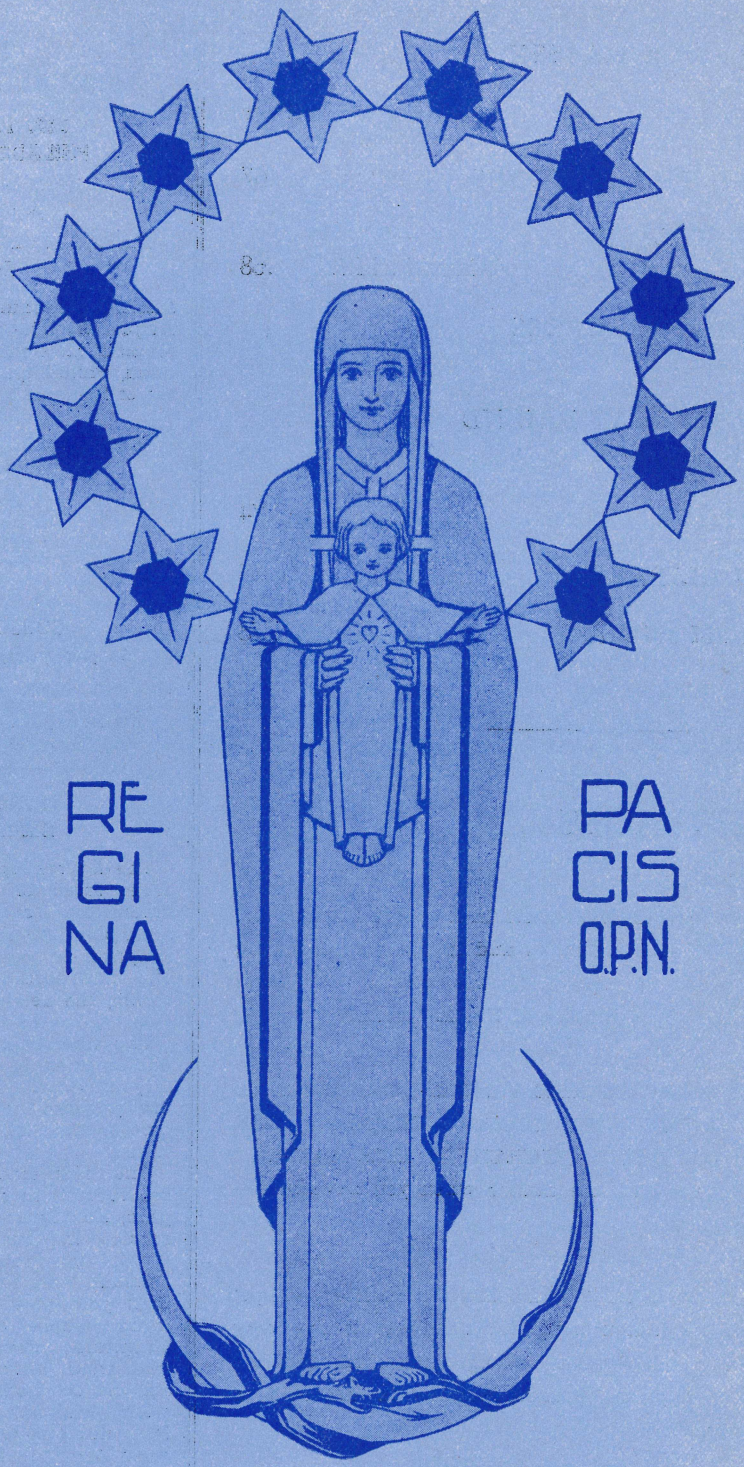

The Medical Missionary

May, 1943
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IT IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE that people actually die of thirst in the valley of the Ganges and in the monsoon time as well. But they do—of cholera—a disease where a few quarts of salt water are literally a matter of life and death!

"THE GREAT WORK OF THE VAST INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION — THE RED CROSS — MIRRORS THE GLORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN HER SAINTS." Thus you too, will agree with the author when you have read—"Saints of the Red Cross."

"BY THEIR HATS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM"—might well be spoken of the Indian men; for headgear is one very definite clue to their religion and background. This month's "Ask Me Another" explains Indian fashions in dress—both masculine and feminine.

OUR COVER

FOR THE REPRODUCTION OF THE "QUEEN OF PEACE" on our front cover this month we are indebted to the Benedictines of the Abbaye de Maredret in Belgium. **REGINA PACIS, ORA PRO NOBIS!**

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SISTER M. LOYOLA, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct Hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

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Mothers and the Missions

"The home is a little church—an **ecclesia domestica,**" writes St. John Chrysostom. **Ecclesia domestica**—the home—the family—a little church. Words pregnant with meaning—freighted with truth! The family, the nucleus of Christian life—the family—one family with the other—many families together forming the parish—parishes the diocese—dioceses the Church Universal, the Body of Christ—all this is contained in those simple words—"The home is a little church!"

Truly therefore, if the family is a little church, we may say that all the activity of the Big Church —the life of the Big Church—is lived in embryo in the little church—the home. And the Big Church being a living organism that is built up and grows as a living body, is of its very nature missionary — not missionary like a monstrous insurance office out to sell sure-fire guarantees to Heaven—but missionary as a family, a body that must increase and grow in faith and hope and charity—living and adding new life. **"That all may be one, even as thou, Father, in me and I in thee; that they all may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."**

Now if this is the spirit and mission of the Universal Church—the Body of Christ—truly it is likewise the spirit of the embryo church—the family. The family, closest to the child, is therefore the first nursery, the cradle, of the mission spirit—of mission-life in the Church.

And who is better fitted to feed and foster this life—Christian mission life in the family—than the mother? It is significant that the Mother of Christ remained with the first missionaries, the Apostles, even after her Son had ascended into Heaven. As the Mother of the Son she loved so much, surely she could have gone to be there with Him when He entered into the glory of the Father.

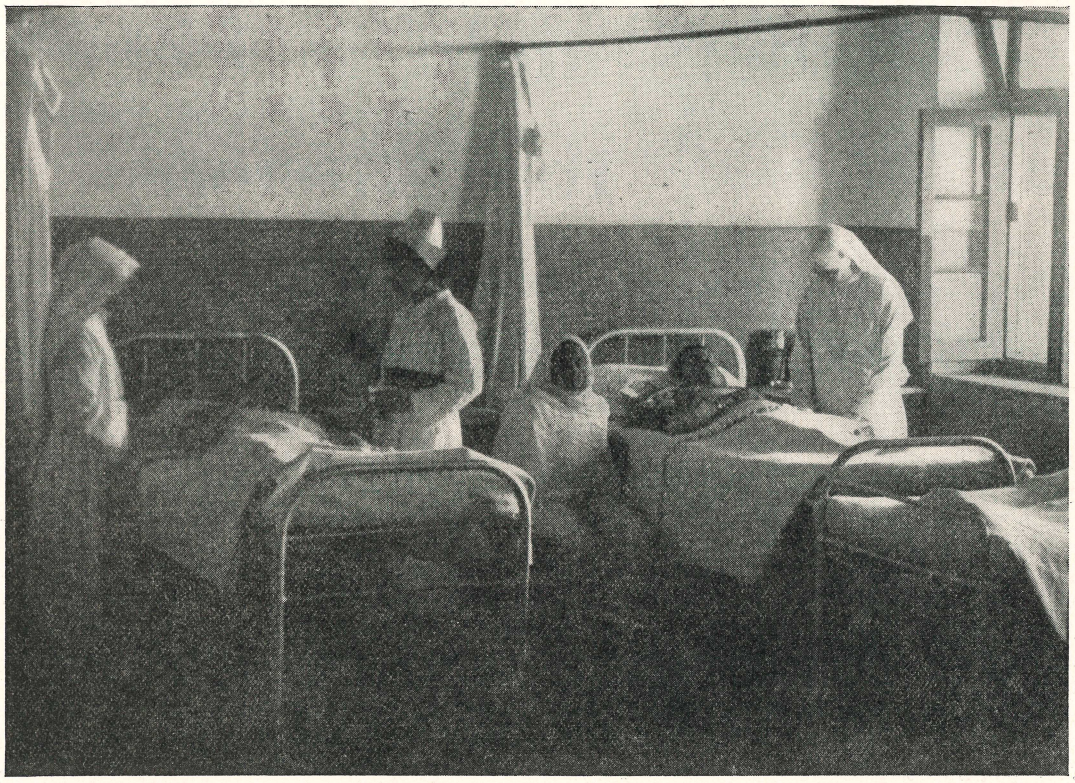
But she did not leave them orphans—those trembling men of Galilee—as yet weak and bewildered —helpless without the grace of the Holy Spirit. No —she remained with them, praying and thinking and watching in the Upper Room until the great wind came and the tongues of fire—and the Spirit of Love—the Sanctifier—kindled the divine love in their hearts into a roaring, a consuming flame.

From the beginning it was thus in the Big Family of God—in the Church. And so it is too in the little family—the home. Christian mothers pray and think, they watch and feed mission-love in the hearts of their children. In the vineyard of the Christian home they dig and spade, they hoe and water the soil of the child-soul that Christian life may grow, may flower and bear fruit—a healthy living vine. Christian mothers keep and nourish true mission-love in their own souls and in the souls of their children. For them, the mission spirit is not a quarter in the box on Mission Sunday without a thought for missions the rest of the year; it is not joining a study club on the ethnology of the Yahoos, and then snubbing Jim Crow on the local bus. To Christian mothers missions are not waving palm trees in the desert, nor coral sands, nor cannibal stew, sake and barbecued rhinoceros. No, missions are the growth and increase of the Body of Christ—they are **all men,** black and white, red and brown and yellow—all men made **one** in Christ.

And in the heart of the Christian mother this mission spirit is not fed by cooing into a cocktail, nor by twittering over a tea cup. It is not daubed on like vermillion toe-nails, nor does it fit into a pair of slacks. It is not strengthened by making big and little slams, and slamming the big and the little, over a bridge table; nor does it bask in the blinding glare of a blow-torch. In the heart of the Christian mother—where Christian life must first be strong that of her strength she may feed her children—the true mission spirit is nurtured by prayer—by watching, by thinking, by living—in faith and hope and charity—with the Body of Christ—the Church.

Once, when speakng to fathers on their duties in the family, St. Augustine began with these words—"My dear brothers and fellow-bishops!" The father is a bishop, he says, the shepherd, the guardian of the family. The father is co-bishop, co-priest, co-shepherd with many—but above all with the One—the High-Priest—Christ Himself. If this be so of our fathers, truly we may also speak thus to our mothers: "You are co-workers, co-operators, co-mothers with Mary, the Mother of all men, in the growth and increase of the life of the Church—of the Mystical Body of Christ.

—M. V.



A corner of one of the wards—Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi

They Ought to Live ---

by

SISTER M. ELISE WIJNEN, S.C.M.M., M.D.

One day there arrived at Holy Family Hospital, Patna, a patient who was **dying** of **thirst.** She was brought in on a "doolie" (a good-sized basket hung on a pole) and looked literally "flattened out," too weak to raise her head, begging for water in a bare whisper of a voice, while her eyes were sunken in her face and her skin stood up in ridges wherever we pinched it. How in the world could this happen in the valley of the Ganges, the largest river of India, and in the monsoon time as well?

The explanation is simple. Shanti had been vomiting and purging all night. She had been burning hot with fever, but was now icy-cold, while her legs were drawn up in bone-breaking muscle cramps. The dreaded cholera, one of the seven plagues of India, had overtaken her. In less than twelve hours she was reduced from an averagely healthy woman to a dying patient. She was hoisted into bed, limp as a rag doll, and lay there moaning weakly and rolling back and forth in agony. There is only one treatment for these cases, and that is water. Shanti herself seemed to be only too well aware of the fact, for she kept begging for the life-giving fluid with pitiful gestures of her nerveless brown hands. But drinking water did little good.

A different route of feeding must be used, and here comes the machinery for it: a tall pole, a sterilized container with rubber tubing attached to it, and a hollow needle at the end. Boiled salt water is poured in the can and the needle is inserted into Shanti's arm vein. The fluid runs into her body in a steady stream and in twenty minutes its effect becomes noticeable. The weary look of pain is smoothed off her face; the cramped legs relax; the tossing ceases, and in half an hour Shanti is sound asleep.

Her poor old mother watches this modern miracle with open mouth. She had protested a bit

when the sharp little needle pierced Shanti's arm, and she still eyes the strange set-up with the alarm of ignorance. But results have convinced her that relief is on the way—that her daughter has a chance of recovery. She stretches herself out on the floor in front of the bed, and like a weary watchdog who has done all he can and knows the rest is beyond him, she soon sleeps the sleep of utter exhaustion.

But the sisters cannot relax so soon. The needle needs constant watching, so that an unguarded movement of the arm may not dislodge it. Basins with lysol, gowns, separate utensils, etc., must be assembled in order to prevent the cholera germs from reaching other patients. Most of all, the patient herself must be under constant observation, both during and after the treatment, to prevent her from slipping back and suffering defeat in a sudden relapse of toxicity.

Only those who have watched such critically ill patients can understand the suspense and tension which follows. Several saline injections are necessary in order to keep the thready pulse running and bring sunken eyes back out of their sockets. Numerous indeed are the trips which the sisters, nurses, and doctor make to her bedside, both by day and by night, while several of the little Indian student-nurses get their first experience in "watchful waiting."

But at last Shanti is definitely on the mend. The vomiting and purging ceases and the temperature drops to normal. From now on her progress is quite startling. She is ravenously hungry and would chew up any food she can lay her hands on, the greasier and more undigestible the better! In three days more she is out of bed, a little shaky in the legs as yet, but cured and anxious to go home.

It is a dreadful thing to realize that people around you are actually dying for lack of water; for it is an axiom in the treatment of cholera that those who receive water are saved, and those who do not are lost. A few quarts of salt water are literally a matter of life and death. In large hospitals at the height of the cholera season it sometimes happens that the patients arrive in such numbers that they cannot all be treated at once. It is no rare experience, under such circumstances, to find a cholera patient dead in bed, less than two hours after his or her arrival.

There are many thousands every year, especially in the villages, who never reach the hospitals but die in their homes of sheer dehydration. This may be due to ignorance and prejudice against strange hospitals, but it is just as often poverty and the great distances which keep them away. To die of thirst is to die in agony, for consciousness is not lost until the very end. On the Cross Christ uttered only one complaint: "I thirst."

Cholera is both preventable and curable in the majority of cases. Yet people die of it, people who ought to live. It makes one want to multiply buildings, equipment, and personnel, so as to prevent this unnecessary waste of life. To reach the thousands who are suffering and dying here, we must rely on the help of the thousands back home, who voluntarily share our work by their prayers and sacrifices.

Who Is My Neighbour?

. . . And I read the story of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and whom robbers left half-dead by the roadside. A Samaritan, in other words a foreigner, with whom the Jews did not mix and whose religious beliefs were different from theirs, recognized his neighbour in that man by having pity on him; whereas a doctor of the law and a priest, going on their way with closed hearts, by so doing excluded themselves from neighbourship with men. The mysterious words of Christ on this matter mean that it is up to us really to become the neighbour of any man, by loving him and having pity on him. It is not community of race, of class, or of nation; it is the love of charity that makes us what we ought to be, members of the family of God, of the only community where each person, drawn out from his fundamental loneliness, truly communicates with others and makes them his brothers, by giving himself to them and in a certain sense dying for them. Nothing that has ever been said points out more profoundly the mystery and dignity of the human person. Who is my neighbour? The man of my blood? Of my party? The man who does me good? No. It is the man to whom I show mercy, the man to whom is transmitted through me the universal gift and love of God, who makes the rain from heaven to fall upon both the good and the wicked.—Jacques Maritain

Saints of the Red Cross

by

MARIE GALLE

The saints, canonized and otherwise, seem to delight in playing an untiring fugue upon the word humility. Perhaps that is why so much of their work remains little known, being smothered more often than not, by the rose-buds and odors of sanctity of some stuffy hagiography. Perhaps that too is why so many of the modern day efforts to relieve human suffering loom large in our eyes and appear at times startlingly heroic. But heroism is quite independent of novelty; and we are not snipping leaves from anyone's laurels when we claim that there is no work for the relief of human suffering in which the saints have not been pioneers.

If common interests mean anything therefore, a whole host of the saints are keenly alive to the activities of the modern Red Cross. Each time a hundred more donors volunteer to give to some newly established blood-bank there must be more than passing comment up in heaven—so numerous are the Red Cross saints up there.

But it is not quite correct to call them Red Cross saints. Only one really wore a red cross — St. Camillus de Lellis. But some did wear white crosses; and the majority wore no crosses — white or red—at all.

But no matter what they wore —cross or no cross, white or red —they all had one very important character in common. The corporal works of mercy, enjoined by the Church throughout the ages, were their special forte. In fire or famine, flood or plague or war, the red-hot flame of their love for God and neighbor leaped high to pour its warming glow upon torn and tortured men.

There are the saints of the white cross, for example. When the vast armies of men went out at the summons of Peter the Hermit to reconquer the Holy Land in the eleventh century, they met with the greatest hardships. Many were wounded in the fighting; others suffered from the long and tedious journey; still others fell victim to plague and disease. Something had to be done; so certain merchants of Amalfi in Southern Italy decided to establish hospitals at Jerusalem. Doctors and nurses were needed too, and they came— the Knights Hospitallers of St. John and the Nursing Sisters of St. Mary Magdalen. Starting with the two erected by the merchants of Amalfi, they soon built a whole chain of hospitals throughout the Holy Land, designed to care for the Crusaders, for the pilgrims and for the Mohammedans—for all who needed help.

Since the Knights were more often engaged in battle than in nursing the sick the sisters naturally came to take over most of this charitable work. When the wars were over they continued to maintain their hospitals along the Mediterranean coast and in Southern Europe. Tradition tells us that from these centers they used to go forth to wherever fire, famine or plague raged to bring relief to the stricken, just as the Red Cross does today.

Of course the organization of the "white cross" was not the same as we would expect in modern times. In those days of laborious travel and difficult communication each house of sisters was independent of the other. Nor did they all wear the same costume. Some were noble ladies used to silks and furs, who wore a red velvet robe and black mantle trimmed with ermine. Later on this rather elaborate costume was modified to a simple black habit on which was sewn a large, single, white Maltese Cross. The cross had eight points, representing the eight beatitudes which the sisters professed to exemplify in their life and work. Thus it was that the "white cross" already blazoned the trail for the Red Cross more than six hundred years ago.

Then there are the saints who wore neither white nor red cross— and they are legion. In fact every saint has been ready to fly to the aid of his neighbor whenever he found him in need.

In early Christian times we know there were the deacons and deaconesses. They received their name from the Greek word, **diaknos,** which means servant, and they were just that—servants of the poor and the needy in the best sense of the word.

Down the years, saint upon saint crowds into the picture. In the middle of the fourteenth century, when the terrible bubonic plague broke out anew in Italy, St. Catherine of Siena and her band of helpers, both men and women, went eagerly to the aid of the stricken. St. Catherine's devotion to the lepers and to the sick in the hospitals was already well-known, and the hospital of Siena, where she spent so many of her days and nights in caring for the sick, was looked upon as one where special

solicitude in the art of healing was exercised.

It took not a little courage on the part of Catherine and her helpers to venture among the plague-stricken victims. It is said that as many as sixty percent of the people of the Italian cities perished of the disease. The first impulse of the healthy was to flee the cities and abandon the sick to fate. Such was the fear of contagion that husbands and wives fled each other, and even fathers and mothers left their children. Still Catherine was not discouraged and fearful, and despite the danger and the dreadful conditions that prevailed (There was no such invention as isolation technic in those days, if you remember.) both she and her co-workers remained at their posts as nurses of the sick until the terrible fever had burned itself out. Such was the spirit of St. Catherine and her followers—a spirit of mercy which counted no cost too great to aid the suffering.

A little more than a century later we find another Catherine, St. Catherine of Genoa, following in the footsteps of her predecessor of Siena. Again the plague was scourging all Italy. Like the former saint, this Catherine, who was the descendant of a distinguished family of Genoa, devoted herself to the aid of the stricken, though her charity took a different form. She founded in her native city the first open-air hospital in Europe and she herself assumed its charge and assisted in caring for the sick.

The seventeenth century too, produced its Red Cross saint — that greatest of all social workers —the father of the poor, the suffering and the unenlightened—St. Vincent de Paul. His life reads almost like a fairy story—so remarkable was his genius. At one time he was himself a slave; at another the liberator of slaves. He was the counsellor of princes and the servant of the poor; himself poverty-stricken; yet the administrator of such charities that the revenues amounted to thousands of dollars. Indeed, social service of modern times has never produced a single man who could cope with St. Vincent de Paul in the amount or the quality of his humanitarian work.

Aside from the great work which he carried through for the poor and sick of Paris, time and time again Vincent de Paul and his Daughters of Charity and Priests of the Missions went to the aid of victims of fire, famine and war. When the Thirty Years' War had devastated many districts of the Provinces of France, St. Vincent collected twelve thousand livres, equivalent to sixty thousand dollars in our own time, for the sufferers. With this he sent help to the people, and when his treasury was empty he conceived the idea of printing and selling the accounts sent him of the heart-rending devastations. This plan was quite successful and resulted in the publication of a periodical newspaper, Le Magasin Charitable.

Again, when a famine depopulated Lorraine in 1638, Vincent collected and distributed two million livres or about ten million dollars. Ten years later, at the time of the war in Paris, he braved every sort of danger that he might restore peace through arbitration. All kinds of services were extended by him to the victims of the struggle. Among them, more than nine hundred young women were removed from the perils of the streets and sheltered in homes and convents during the time of unrest.

One of the last acts of his life

When the poor and the sick
were in need
Blessed Martin de Porres
Grew a garden and
planted an orchard
for them.

Blessed Martin—
Help us to grow
in our hearts
Strong gardens of love
for Christ and all men
as you did—

VICTORY GARDENS FOR GOD.

was the foundation of an asylum for aged working people, both men and women, and the erection of a hospital for all the poor of Paris. This last provision is considered by many to be the greatest humanitarian work accomplished in the seventeenth century.

So much for the Red Cross saints who wore no red cross. There are ever and ever so many more, like St. John of God, who is the patron of Catholic hospitals, and Blessed Martin de Porres, the Dominican lay-brother who studied medicine and nursed so many sick and poor people in Peru.

There is still, however, the saint who actually wore a red cross—St. Camillus de Lellis. St. Camillus, who was born somewhere in the Kingdom of Naples about the middle of the sixteenth century, was not always the zealous friend and helper of the sick. For a great many years he wavered between a craving for excitement and love of gambling and the life of service devoted to the needy. It was while serving in the army of the Republic of Venice that he incurred an incurable leg ulcer which was to cause him a lifetime of suffering. But his wound was really a blessing in disguise, for it was while at the Hospital for Incurables at Rome, whither he had gone for treatment, that he made a very important decision — to spend the rest of his life in the service of the sick and suffering.

Gradually other young men caught his spirit, and eventually there grew up, with St. Camillus as its founder, a new order of men devoted to the sick—who called themselves the Fathers of the Good Death. They wore a black habit on which was emblazoned a large red cross, and took a vow to give all their energies to the plague-stricken, the sick and the dying whom they were to serve in hospitals, prisons, and private homes throughout the land. Two of the members became victims of the plague which seized the fleet at Naples and were consequently the first martyrs of charity under the symbol of the red cross.

In his sketch of the life of St. Camillus, Father Martindale says that he was also the true originator of field ambulances, of advanced dressing stations and of military hospitals. Thus the saint of the first Red Cross was a forerunner in more ways than one of many institutions of our modern day.

It is no wonder then, that heaven must be interested in the work of the Red Cross. And the few red cross saints we have given are only a small minority among very, very many. For, when all is said and done, these saints are only doing what all the saints profess to do—to follow Christ Himself, who went about healing and helping the sick.

The great work of the vast international organization—the Red Cross—mirrors the glory of the Catholic Church in her saints. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy"—these words echo and re-echo down the ages.

The Church and Indian Culture

The history of the Church in India proves that she is the acceptable friend of Indian culture. Even before the coming of the Portuguese Christianity was in India and had already established a friendly **modus vivendi** in this country. Some historians are of the opinion that primitively there was a flourishing Christian community at Mylapore, but that it came to extinction as a result of a terrible persecution. According to Faulin, a European historian, many of these Christians fled to Malabar, seeking refuge there. However this may be, it is an historical fact that there grew up in Malabar a body of Christians called the St. Thomas Christians who attribute their origin to the missionary labors of St. Thomas the Apostle himself. This ancient community of Christians found favor and protection under the kings and emperors of Malabar who honored them with singular prerogatives. The rare privileges granted them are still commemorated by the Christians of Malabar with glory and exultation. No student of ancient Indian history will attribute this to any political power or influence of theirs for they had none before the coming of the Portuguese. It ought to be assigned solely to the acceptability and agreeableness of the Christian religion. The traditional relations between the Hindu and the Christian communities subsist in Malabar even to this day.

In the course of an address on India's contribution to world civilization, Sir S. Radhakrishnan, one of the Indian leaders, emphasized the necessity of reorganizing India's social and political institutions on the basis of her culture. If culture is thus made the basis of Indian national reconstruction, Christianity will not be against it. In an India reconstructed in this manner Christianity would fare no worse than now and would even derive advantages. As Christians and Hindus agree culturally, a national reorganization based on culture would knit them together as closely as in the happy days of ancient Malabar. — Rev. Peter Vadassery in The Bombay Examiner.

The Loss of a Great Friend and Benefactor

RT. REV. MSGR. FRANCIS X. WASTL

With the death of the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Francis X. Wastl, Rector of St. John's Church and Apostle of Charity in Philadelphia, our Society lost a great friend and benefactor.

When Doctor Dengel first came to Philadelphia in 1925, His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, introduced her to Monsignor Wastl, asking him to help her raise funds for the present Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, India.

In Monsignor Wastl's characteristic way of taking projects confided to him to heart, he left no stone unturned to help her effectively. Who but Monsignor Wastl would have taken a taxi for a whole day to accompany Doctor Dengel personally from rectory to rectory, himself asking the pastors for a church collection for the proposed hospital? The missionary begging expedition was interrupted only at noon by an oyster soup luncheon in a restaurant. Needless to say, Monsignor Wastl arranged for a collection himself in St. John's Church. In order to explain the purpose to his parishioners, he personally helped to edit the first Medical Mission pamphlet, describing the seclusion of the Indian women and the need of a hospital staffed entirely by women.

When the Society was established in 1925 he was pleased. A year later, when the first medical missionary was to leave for India, the fare seemed an insuperable obstacle—five hundred dollars was indeed a tremendous sum for a year-old missionary society.

But Monsignor Wastl understood the need; he gave the whole amount and the first missionary was able to go. It was a big thrill.

Monsignor Wastl followed the development of the Society with genuine interest and encouraged and helped in many ways during the pioneer years.

He was unusually devoted to Our Lady of Lourdes particularly to St. Bernadette. When the Grotto of Lourdes at the Motherhouse in Fox Chase was ready to be dedicated last fall, Mother Dengel asked Monsignor Wastl the favor of performing the ceremony. In spite of his advanced years and feeble health he came, blessed the Grotto and the statue and walked in the procession. After the ceremony he playfully reproached Mother Dengel for having failed to invite a very important personage, namely St. Bernadette. He offered to complete the Grotto by giving the statue of his beloved saint. In the last letter of his life, written on the eve of his sudden death, he expressed pleasure that the statue was on its way. In the same letter he commented on the Holy Family Hospital report which Mother Dengel had sent him, saying: "It pleases me to know that you are getting along so well with what you have." His remark was typical; he knew that the hospital was small—far too small for the work.

Our Society is only one of the innumerable charities Monsignor Wastl helped. The marvel is—how did he do it all? During his long priestly life he was never well—but still he was always going about doing good. Christ was exposed on the altar of his church, and Christ was also in his heart. Truly he was an "alter Christus."

God called him to his reward on April 11th at the age of seventy-nine, heavily laden with golden sheaves of spiritual and corporal works of mercy, leaving the world better for his passage through it.

May this beloved priest, friend of street sweepers, incurables, convalescents, tired business girls, the blind, the weary in body and soul, the purdah women of India and countless others, rest in peace and continue from above to help the good works he started or fostered. —A. D.

R. I. P.

Ask Me Another

WHAT DO THE WOMEN WEAR IN INDIA?

That depends on two things: religion and loyalty. Fashions and all their whims and fancies have no influence at all on the length of the skirt or the placing of the waist line. Wealth, season and the particular occasion can change only minor details, such as the type of cloth, the ornaments and the cleanliness of the apparel. But the basic set-up of the dress is determined mainly by religion and influenced by locality. There are really only three or four costumes in India, and these are worn morning, noon and night, under all imaginable circumstances, from the day the baby girl can toddle right up to the burial. These three costumes are:

Typical Mohammedan costume of Northern India —wide baggy trousers, long blouse and gracefully draped veil or "chaddar."

The "sari," a piece of cloth, five to seven yards long and about one and a half yards wide, wrapped around the body with the end thrown over the head and shoulders. Usually it is white with a colored border, but it may be any color or material. Under it is worn a petticoat of the old-fashioned design, and over it a short-sleeved, tight-fitting little blouse. The whole is simple, easy to make, cheap, attractive, and most impractical!—at least for hard work. It is worn all over India, and in some places exclusively so.

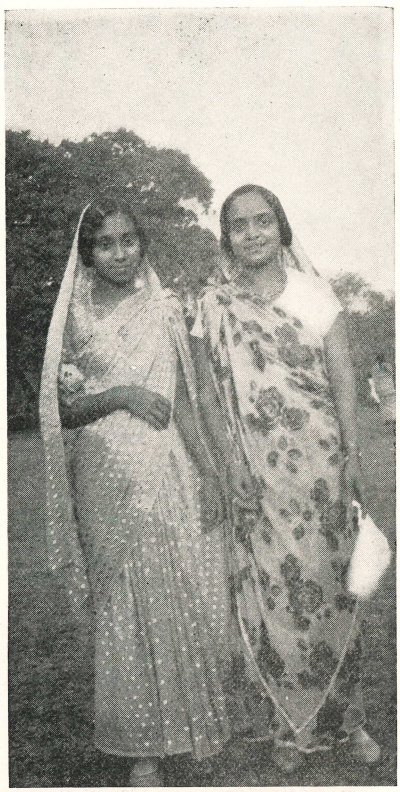
The "salwar" or pyjamas, consisting of wide baggy trousers and a long blouse, reaching to the knees. It is the costume of the Punjab, a large province in Northern India. These pyjamas are practical as well as pleasing to the eye and nicely warm in winter time. A veil, called "chaddar," is worn over the head, and is gracefully draped about the shoulders in a dozen different ways. Despite the trousers the outfit is most remarkably and delightfully feminine!

The "burkha," a long, night-gown like garment, reminding one of the Ku Klux Klan. That is the exclusive possession of the Mohammedan purdah women. It covers them from head to foot, with only a small network in front of the eyes. These secluded ladies must wear this nightmare whenever they go out of the house, in order to protect them from the gaze of strange males. The burkha is admitted by all to be ugly and unhygienic, but tradition maintains its use among the strict and especially the wealthy Mohammedans. The very poor, the very old, and the more educated among them are apt to discard the burkhas.

The skirt and blouse plus veil outfit. This is more rare and is seen chiefly among some tribes like the Nepali's and in the rural districts. The skirt is of gaily colored and often flowered or patterned material, yards wide and gathered or

pleated at the waist. It is worn with a swing and a dash that reminds one of gypsies. The large silver ear rings, nose rings, bracelets, anklets and necklaces, which are part and parcel of this costume help to give that impression.

European dress is as rare among the Indian women as it is common among the men. Their own sari and salwar are so attractive that this is not surprising. Yet they do wear many Western style accessories, such as high-heeled shoes, winter coats, gloves, handbags and silk stockings—all of these for the well-to-do only, of course. They keep their glossy black hair in neat flat waves close to the head, with a heavy braid down the back or rolled up in the neck. Filigreed, and bejewelled necklaces, ear rings, coronets, finger rings, bracelets and tiny jewelled nose studs, all varying with the wealth of the father or the husband, vie with each other in an effort to gild the lily. The delicately featured, lightly bronzed, high caste Indian women, all dressed up for a festival or state occasion, are a joy to behold, while the dark-skinned, nose-ringed, bare-armed village wallahs, if healthy and gay, can be every bit as attractive. It is a thousand pities that so many of them are too ill and weak to enjoy their natural heritage of beauty and gracefulness.



HOW ABOUT THE MEN'S APPAREL?

There are really no limits to the varieties of male costumes in India, from full European evening dress to the briefest of loin cloths. Religion and locality play an important part, but the amount of Western training and the size of the purse are even more important. Curiously enough, the only definite clue to the religion and background of the men is their headgear. This, of course, excludes the topi (sun helmet) and the felt or straw hat, which may be worn by anyone. The real Indian costumes, from the head on down, are as follows:

The turban, called "pugri" in the Punjab. It consists of a long strip of thin, narrow, pleated cloth, wound around the head to form a very neat-looking cover-all. Among the Sikhs, a special religious sect, this pugri is compulsory, as it hides their long hair which is never cut, shaving being one of the major sins of Sikhdom. These Sikhs wear skin-tight trousers and loose shirts, with vest and coat in the cold weather. But the pugri is worn by Mohammedans and Hindus also, though in a slightly different fashion. It is quite easy to dis-

Above—These two girls are wearing the "sari."

Below—The wide, gaily-colored skirt, large silver earrings, necklaces and bracelets give a gypsy air to this Nepali costume.

Typical Sikh costume—white "pugri" or turban, skin-tight trousers and loose shirt.

Below—North Indian boy wearing the costume of the Afridi tribe. Note how the turban, gaily-colored vest and baggy trousers contrast with the Sikh costume above.

tinguish them after a little experience. They wear the usual baggy trousers, unless they happen to be in Western dress, which goes uncommonly well with the pugri.

The fez, worn exclusively by the Mohammedans, but more common in some districts than in others. It is red, sometimes brown or black, made of felt or velvet, and looks like a little round flower pot, upside down. European costume, baggy trousers, or a loin cloth, anything goes with the fez.

The Hindu Cap, also called the "Congress Cap," a thin white cotton affair, shaped somewhat like a soldier's duty cap. It is extremely popular right now, particularly in Bengal, Bihar and the Central Provinces. The typical dress with this cap is the "dhoti," a long piece of white cloth, draped around the hips and between the legs to form a pair of trousers. After the loin cloth, of which it is an adaptation, it is the cheapest and easiest male costume imaginable. The usual loose shirt, vest and coat being optional, is worn with it.

Any number of small round skull caps, towels, pieces of cloth, sacking, and whatever comes in handy, may be worn on the head without causing any comment whatsoever. The coolies like a thick little cap, or a towel tightly twisted up into a sort of coronet, and with excellent reasons. Most of India's transportation is done on top of the head, and a little protection for the scalp is often indicated. In winter a blanket around head and shoulders does double duty and is often the only protection against the piercing cold.

It goes without saying that army uniforms abound at present. Like everything else in India, they are a good deal more variegated and colorful than the Western varieties. It takes a bit more study than we have been able to devote to it, but it is possible to tell at a glance, without looking at insignia, to which regiment a man belongs. The Gurkhas, the Punjab Rifles and various Sikh regiments are famous the world over.

The Catholic Church is the only thing which saves a man from the degrading slavery of being a child of his age."—G. K. Chesterton.

The Mission Clipper

Religious Instruction In Portuguese Colonies

Religious instruction in all primary schools has been ordered by the Portuguese Government for the country's colonial possessions in India, terminating thirty years of secularism. Appropriations for religious education have been authorized by the Government in Lisbon. — The Universe, London, England.

Malaria Control in the Southern States and Latin America

The Office of War Information has just sent out some interesting material on malaria, one of the oldest known diseases. Called by various names — swamp fever, hill fever — malaria has always been a health problem in our Southern States, where today there is a permanent reservoir of at least two million cases. Furthermore, a recent survey revealed that malaria control is definitely needed in ninety-three areas within continental United States where service men and defense workers will be located. This April the United States Public Health Service will have begun the most intensive malaria-control campaign this country has ever organized.

In Latin America an extensive health and sanitation program has already been inaugurated in cooperation with the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. In Brazil, for example, malaria control activities are in progress in twenty-three areas. Other medical missions have been assigned to Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua and Paraguay, on request from these countries. Latin American and United States specialists are fighting shoulder to shoulder against the disease for which there is no actual "preventive."

Malaria and other diseases know no racial or national boundaries. Indeed, modern fast boats and airplanes have streamlined the passage of disease germs, allowing them to leap from one country to another in a matter of hours. We simply cannot be indifferent any longer to health conditions among minority racial groups either in our country, in Latin America, or in any other part of the world.—Interracial Review, February, 1943.

Chinese Missionaries Carry On

The latest reports received from China mention a total of 12,400 missionaries at work in China at the beginning of 1940. While we know that some have been forced to leave the country they represent a small minority. The balance are carrying on their truly apostolic work. There are 3,182,950 Catholics in China.—Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Cooperatives in China

The newest development in the line of cooperatives in China is the Chinese Industrial Cooperative. There is an encouraging story about one of the 15,000 of these societies which existed in 1940. In February, 1939, loans were offered to organized societies. Accordingly seven mechanics organized for a machinist drive cooperative. By April they had a loan of $17,000 and had borrowed machinery with which to make their own equipment. They have since produced a complete set of machine-shop equipment for a new vocational department. The cooperative had in August, 1940, 22 members, 22 apprentices, and 20 other workers. All their work was done with hand power because they had located in the country to avoid bombing.

Here is cooperative theory in action. Here is a basis for economic freedom. This is a movement that has vast potentialities for a social reconstruction in China, and one that recognizes the Church as an integral part of it. Frequently the Government turns over the cooperative education to the pastors. The members welcome religion because it is one more tie that binds them together.

It is almost the first movement to draw the Church from the margin toward the center of China's national life.

Farmer's cooperatives are playing an increasingly greater part, and the government is grateful for their assistance in feeding the Chinese army. There are now more than 70,000 farmers' cooperatives in China.—Land and Home, March, 1943.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Most Rev. Arnoldus Franciscus Diepen, Bishop of Hertogenbosch, Holland.

Rev. Vincent A. Skahan, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Lawrence J. McNamara, Baltimore, Md.

Sister M. Wilfrid, Hartford, Conn.

Sister Mary Gilbert, New York, N.Y. (Sister of Sister M. Anthony, S.C.M.M.)

Mr. S. S. Ruffing, Bellevue, Ohio.

Miss Margaret Walsh, Willoughby, Ohio.

May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace. Amen.

Jottings From India

RAWALPINDI . . .

New Student-Sisters at Holy Family Hospital

Six months seems a very, very long time for a letter to be on its way, but that's just how long it took for some of the latest news to come from India. It told us all about the new student sisters at Holy Family Hospital. We feel a bit out of season, talking about classes and new students at this time of the year, when most people are looking forward to a vacation —but that is the way with letters these days!

Anyway—the news is that there are four new native sisters from Thandla, a village between Baroda and Ratlam in Central India, now studying midwifery at Holy Family Hospital. As you can see from the picture, the sisters have a lovely habit which closely resembles the native dress. The sari is salmon colored and is worn with a blue blouse. The veil or chaddar, like the sari, is also salmon and is draped in the manner customary in the Central Provinces. The sisters are called "Servants of God" and are a branch of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Our sisters write that all four sisters are about as big as a minute —the tallest one being about four feet ten—or thereabouts! Their names are Sisters Germaine, Collette, Gabrielle and Benigna. They are the fifth community of native sisters to take their training at our hospital.

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PATNA . . .

News and Views From the Cathedral Roof-top

News from Patna includes a variety of items this time — the Ganges, sailboats, kerosene shortage, native stoves, gardening and so on . . .

From her perch on the top of the Cathedral roof one day, Sister Ignatius Marie surveyed the land, and this is what she saw:

"Before me the Ganges stretches for miles. Even the **dihat** (country side) on the far shore is visible today. The sandy shore on the other side is dotted here and there with burning pyres, which mean that shortly some good Hindus' ashes will be cradled in the Ganges.

"There is much traffic on the river, due, I presume, to the congestion of freight on the railroads. Ordinarily these country boats, built like Chinese junks with large square sails, make slow progress, but today, thanks to a stiff little breeze that fills the sails to balloon-like proportions, they are speeding along at a good rate. One of the boats is towing three barges, all loaded with empty kerosene tins. As you might imagine, kerosene is very difficult to obtain now, so in the hospital all the kerosene stoves have been stored away until the war is over, and we are getting along with little native stoves that burn charcoal and dried **gobar** (cow dung) cakes.

"On this side of the river, from my lofty perch, I can look down on everything except the water tank, which is close by on my right. This tank furnishes Patna with water, and I must say it is the only modern thing in sight. The rest of the scene might easily have been the same two centuries ago—the long bamboo sticks poke up their long lean arms from every garden; the tiles and thatched roofs have not changed their style in generations; some of the houses are mud-washed and some are white-washed, but the majority are built of queer-looking bricks made during the time when the Dutch held this territory. These bricks are only about two inches high and are shorter and narrower than the bricks we use.

"Just now the trees are beautiful after the long rainy season. I can just see the tops of one or two of the palms, a neem tree (the twigs of which the Indians use for tooth brushes) and an imli tree..."

And Sister wrote that she might tell a lot more — about the birds and the gorgeous butterflies — but it was time to start digging at her Hindi lesson. However, Sister Camillus continued with a note about that very important item—the garden:

"We have a small vegetable garden here in Patna and just now it is very neatly marked out and

ready for planting. (Sister's letter was dated November first—but that is in India, remember!) Our **gobi** (cauliflower) was planted a few days ago and **mali** is slowly but surely working up to the other beds. It is not easy to have a garden do well here, for besides the weeds and the insects, we have stray cows wandering into the compound every once in a while for an afternoon snack. And then there are the rabbits too—our own —continually chasing about. Yes, indeed—when the vegetable curry appears on our table we rather think we have accomplished something!"

* * *

DACCA . . .

S. O. S.!

News from Dacca this month includes a real S.O.S. — Send Out Sisters! Sister Therese wrote that two buildings in the neighborhood of the Mitford Hospital are being taken over by the government to be equipped as emergency hospitals. Together they will have a capacity of 150 beds. Two more sisters are required to supervise the nursing, so an appeal was made to our sisters. Sister Laetitia and Sister Pauline have gone to Dacca to augment the hospital corps—so together with Sisters Therese and Caecilia, who were already stationed in Dacca, four Medical Missionaries are now in charge of the Mitford Hospital and its new addition—all in all a 450 bed hospital.

Overheard on Ward Rounds

Pushpa: "Doctor Memsahib, I have a pain in the big toe on this foot. Tutti lagao (Listen to it with your stethescope.) and tell me what is wrong."

This sister from Thandla in Central India is one of the four sisters from her community in training at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi.

"LOTS FOR LITTLE"

Now that you are all finished with spring house cleaning, surely you must have some "old things" you would like to say good riddance to. Perhaps it is an old coat, wearable but out of season, or a hat or that "extra" piece of furniture, or those dishes that no longer match.

Whatever the articles may be, they will be welcomed by the LOTS FOR LITTLE SHOP at 902 Third Avenue, New York City. By sending them to the thrift shop you will not only relieve yourself of whatever you no longer want or need, but you will be doing a bit of charity too. In fact you will share in the good work which is being carried on by LOTS FOR LITTLE SHOP in behalf of six charitable organizations, including our missions in India.

If you would do a good work then, and we're sure you do, just collect your rummage and send a card to the LOTS FOR LITTLE SHOP, or if you live in New York, phone PLaza 3-1850.

TO THE QUEEN OF PEACE—

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, Refuge of the Human Race, Victress in all God's battles, we humbly prostrate ourselves before thy throne, confident that we shall receive mercy, grace and bountiful assistance and protection in the present calamity, not through our own inadequate merits, but solely through the great goodness of thy Maternal Heart.

To thee, to thy Immaculate Heart in this, humanity's tragic hour, we consign and consecrate ourselves in union not only with the Mystical Body of thy Son, Holy Mother Church, now in such suffering and agony in so many places and sorely tried in so many ways, but also with the entire world, torn by fierce strife, consumed in a fire of hate, victim of its own wickedness . . .

O Mother of Mercy, obtain peace for us from God and above all procure for us those graces which prepare, establish and assure the peace!

Queen of Peace, pray for us and give to the world now at war the peace for which all peoples are longing, peace in the truth, justice and charity of Christ. Give peace to the warring nations and to the souls of men, that in the tranquility of order the Kingdom of God may prevail.

Extend thy protection to the infidels and to all those still in the shadow of death; give them peace and grant that on them, too, may shine the sun of truth, that they may unite with us in proclaiming before the one and only Saviour of the World "Glory to God in the highest and peace to men of good will."

Give peace to the peoples separated by error or by discord, and especially to those who profess such singular devotion to thee and in whose homes an honored place was ever accorded thy venerated icon (today perhaps often kept hidden to await better days); bring them back to the fold of Christ under the one true shepherd.

Obtain peace and complete freedom for the Holy Church of God; stay the spreading flood of modern paganism; enkindle in the faithful the love of purity, the practice of the Christian life, and an apostolic zeal, so that the servants of God may increase in merit and number.

Lastly, as the Church and the entire human race were consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so that in reposing all hope in Him, He might become for them the sign and pledge of victory and salvation; so we in like manner consecrate ourselves forever also to thee and to thy Immaculate Heart, Our Mother and Queen, that thy love and patronage may hasten the triumph of the Kingdom of God and that all nations, at peace with one another and with God, may proclaim thee blessed and with thee may raise their voices to resound from pole to pole in the chant of the everlasting Magnificat of glory, love and gratitude to the Heart of Jesus where alone they can find truth and peace.

—HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XII